

# EATON'S NEW STORE!

OUR MOTTO:—Pay as you go, then you won't owe.

**\$3** Eaton's have a handsome stock of ladies' cashmere Jerseys new goods, in black seal navy, grenat and myrtle.

**\$4.50** At Eaton's New Store new cashmere Jerseys, with basque, in grenat, bronze, black and navy splendid quality, price \$4.50 and \$5.50.

**\$8** A very superior line of ladies' cashmere Jerseys with basque, beautifully embroidered, with scalloped edge. Eaton's New Store for Novelties

**65c.** You can buy at Eaton's New Store, Ladies' American Merino Vests, new goods, for 65c., 75c. and 95c.

**95c.** Is the price at Eaton's for a first-rate quality in ladies' Canadian lambs-wool Vests; a big stock of ladies' underwear

**\$1.25** And you can buy ladies' Shetland lambs-wool Vests very soft and warm, for \$1.25 and \$1.50; they have them in white for \$1.80 and \$2.40.

**\$9.50** Is the price for an exceedingly fine quality in ladies' white cashmere Vests; every lady should see them.

**\$2.75** Ladies' Combination Suits are in very great demand. Eaton's keep a large stock. The prices are \$2.75 \$3 \$3.50, and \$4.50.

**\$1.25** Is the price we commence Children's Combination Suits. A large stock of all sizes at Eaton's New Store.

**75c.** Only Fancy for 75c. you can buy those new sleeveless Jerseys, in cardinal, seal, French, navy, myrtle apricot and black, at Eaton's New Store. They have them also at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.75 & \$2.

**20c.** Is the price Eaton's are selling Children's Wool Hoods, in great variety of colorings.

**38c.** You can buy at Eaton's New Store these fashionable chamomise washing kid gloves. Only 38c. per pair.

**75c.** Is the Price for Ladies' Black and Tan Undressed Kid Gloves. Every lady should see them

**\$1** For a splendid line of extra long Tan-Colored Undressed Kid Gloves. Come and get a pair.

**50c.** For 50c. at Eaton's New Store you can buy a good corded Corset double bask, worth 90c. All sizes.

**\$5** Will buy you one of the prettiest bonnets you could wish Eaton's keep a splendid assortment of millinery, and are showing novelties of English and French style.

**\$10** In the mantle department will be well spent on a lady's fashionable ulster, made from the popular Newmarket cloth, a most stylish and useful garment for ladies' wear, at Eaton's New Store.

**\$2** Is the price at Eaton's New Store, for a handsome black fur tippet. A big assortment of the largest sizes for \$2.50, \$3, \$4 and up.

**\$40** Will buy you an exceedingly handsome black Otto man, silk cloth, trimmed with fur, plush, or fancy ornaments. A splendid variety to choose from.

**\$5** And you can secure one of our black beaver cloth dolmans, trimmed in a variety of styles. These goods are much under the usual figure.

**69c.** And you can buy a good warm all-wool man's undershirt, the best in the market for the money. All-wool drawers same price.

**55c.** Many people wonder how Eaton's can sell their all-wool white twilled Canadian Blankets at less than wholesale prices. We buy from the makers. We give no credit. We employ no travellers, and sell goods at the lowest possible cash margin.

**50c.** Ask to see Eaton's black cashmere at 50c. per yard; it is of very fine quality, beautiful shades of blue black, every piece warranted.

**32<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c.** Is the first price of Eaton's Tapestry Carpets. You can see a large stock of Carpets in the leading makes of Hemp, Tapestry, Brussels, or All-Wool.

**12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c.** At Eaton's New Store a big pile of dress goods can be seen for 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c. per yard. They have some useful lines in tweed, cloth and fancy materials, suitable for fall wear.

## "POSTAGE NOT STATED."

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

I was tall, overgrown, awkward, and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visit at grandmother's delightful, old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards."

"Children's party," I repeated, probably with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is fourteen, and Tom Byrne and all the boys young men, I should say, with a twinkle of amusement, 'will be there.'"

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements.

Then somebody suggested that we should play Post Office.

"Post Office! what is that? how do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne, my next neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play Post Office?" he asked with scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well, I suppose you city fellows don't know anything."

"I never heard of this," I assented meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then you have to ask how much postage, and if she says one cent, you have to kiss her once."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and you kiss her twice for two cents, and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if it is a pretty girl," he added judiciously.

"I suppose so," I replied vaguely.

"But I forgot to tell you," he added, "if she says 'postage not stated,' then you kiss her as often as you like. Hush! they are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys was appointed Postmaster, and one girl after another went out into the entry, each presently knocking at the door and asking for a letter, whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall, and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed, paid his postage under considerable difficulties.

I watched the game in a state of bewilderment. What if a girl should call for me? But no one did and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I

was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was solemnly closed behind her, and then after a brief pause, there was a faint knock. The Postmaster opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here," she replied.

"For whom?"

"For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to get into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused a moment, and then I heard a sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. I scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four half-frightened kisses, before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there! Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure your rebold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in, a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance, (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment,) and, at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then, I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society, and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at twenty-seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which with my own income added, making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well-travelled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out.

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"Who is it?" I replied with a half nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the Inn," he explained; "and was sure it must

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS!

SALES FOR CASH ONLY.

**T. EATON & CO.,**  
190 to 196 YONGE STREET.